The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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TRUE FREEDOM.

Men, whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! True freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think.
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS.

Read by James Freeman Clarke at the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Dr. Furness over the church in Philadelphia.

Where is the man to comprehend the Master,
The living, human Jesus,—him who came
To follow truth through friendship or disaster,
And glorify the gallows and its shame?

No passive Christ, yielding and soft as water,
Sweet, but not strong, with languid lip and eye;
A patient lamb, led silent to the slaughter;
A monkish Saviour, only sent to die.

Nor that result of metaphysic ages,
Christ claiming to be God, yet man indeed,
Christ dried to dust in theologic pages,
Our human brother, frozen in a creed,

But that all-loving one whose heart befriended
The humblest sufferer under God's great throne,
While in his life humanity ascended
To nobler heights than earth had ever known.

All whose great gifts were natural and human,
Loving and helping all, the great, the mean;
The friend of rich and poor, of man and woman,
And calling no one common or unclean.

Most lofty truth in simple stories telling,
Which to the souls of wise and simple go;
Forever in the Father's bosom dwelling,
Forever one with human hearts below.

Not in the cloister nor the scholar's study
God sets the teacher for this work apart,
But where the life-drops, vigorous and ruddy,
Flow from the heart to hand, from hand to heart.

He only rightly understand *this* Saviour
Who walks himself the same highway of truth,
Unfolding with like frank and bold behavior
Such nobler manhood from such noble youth;

Whose widening sympathy avoids extremes;
Who loves all lovely things, afar, anear;
Who still respects in age his early dreams,
Untouched by sceptic doubt or cynic sneer;

Who, growing older, yet grows young again,
Keeping his youth of heart; whose spirit brave
Follows with Jesus, breaking every chain,
And bringing liberty to every slave.

To him to-night who during fifty years
For truths unrecognized has dared the strife
In spite of fashion's law or wisdom's fears,
We come to thank him for a noble life.

He needs no thanks, but will accept that love,
The grateful love, inevitably given
To those who waken faith in things above,
And mingle with our days a light from heaven,

And, most of all, who show us how to find
The great Physician for all earthly ill,—
The true reformer, calm and bold and kind,
Who came not to destroy, but to fulfil.

And thus this church becomes like holy ground,
Filled full of Jesus; and the thoughts that stir
Tell us, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, we have found
At last the "House of the Interpreter."

NOT AS I WILL.

"Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

We may repeat these words upon occasions, in hours of bereavement; but do they suggest anything more to our minds than a silent submission to the inevitable? They have a far, far deeper significance.

To accept them as expressing the supreme abiding law of life, with a heart overflowing with the fulness of their meaning, is the greatest act of which the soul of man is capable. It is not the annihilation of the human will, it is not the mere passive submission of it to a higher Power. It is the realization of a transcendent mystery of our being, the exaltation of the human will to an identity with the Supreme Will. To realize this mystery in one's self, to be conscious that one's own will is identically the Sovereign Will, is to be made conscious of the imperishable Life and Love and Power of the Divine Nature, and consequently of a profound sense of security, of a peace, the peace of God, down deep in the heart, that nothing can reach to destroy.

Would that we might know this great truth from our own experience! Blessed be God for the revelation of it, not in poor words, such as I am now using to tell it, but in a life, in a natural human life, even in him who, while no man ever uttered the first personal pronoun "I" with a profounder consciousness of his own personal will than he, yet said, "I speak not of myself," "Of myself I can do nothing," and with equal truth declared, "No man takes my life from me, I lay it down of myself."

At the last, in the Garden which he loved, in the deep midnight hour, with not a soul in sympathy with him, momentarily expecting to be hurried to a death of shame and torture, overwhelmed by the horror of his situation, he was for a while crushed in mortal agony to the earth. But the natural reaction came. He rose to his habitual elevation of mind, and the agony ended in the triumphant cry, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt!" Be thy will mine! Then, one with the Supreme, and the Supreme one with him, he went to meet his awful doom with the majesty of a king, with the silent serenity of a god.

As at the last, so at the first, we have in him the same revelation of the realization of the possible identity of the human will and the Divine.

When from the obscurity in which his first thirty years were spent he came out before the world to follow the path to which the Voice within was calling him with ever-increasing distinctness, and which, through trials manifold, as he foresaw, would lead him to a violent death, his first act was a voluntary public dedication of himself to the fatal duty to which all the signs of the time pointed him. That baptismal cleansing of himself from all further delay, from all self-concern,—the conversion of a faith that had been growing stronger day by day into act,—was the first irrevocable step, the step that costs, in taking which he voluntarily cut himself off from all retreat, and virtually passed upon himself a deliberate sentence of death. Then, at that supreme moment, in the perfect rectitude of his self-sacrificing purpose, made conscious, as he never could have been before, that that purpose was resolved into an act of his oneness with the Supreme Will, so ecstatic was that new experience that, to his raised imag-

ination, heaven was thrown open to him, and, as he came up out of the baptismal water, there chanced to hover above him a dove, the received emblem of peace, which instantly, to his rapt vision, took on the significance of an omen, and was transfigured into the visible presence of the Infinite Spirit of Love and Peace; and, in the consciousness of being in perfect unison with the Divine Will, there suddenly came to him, by no conscious act of his own, as if spoken by an articulate voice, the words of Holy Writ, "Thou art my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased."

Do I fail, dear friends, to make it evident how true to nature, to our human nature, how entirely in accord with it all this was? What words could have more fittingly expressed the new-born experience which Jesus then had of the truth of the high purpose, to the fulfilment of which he then consecrated himself for life and for death? That baptismal hour was an era in his spiritual development. Then was he begotten, born into the eternal life of God. Only by the most tender of human relations, the filial, could that divine experience be expressed, all inadequate as it is, and as all human relations are, to signify the relationship of every soul of flesh to the ever-living, ever-loving One.

That Jesus was carried away by no illusion of the imagination, that the transporting experience of that great hour, so far from disturbing, confirmed the perfect balance of his mind, his whole subsequent career bears most impressive witness. Has there ever breathed this vital air a man so absolute a master of himself and of every situation in which he was placed as he? As Emerson has said, "The visible heavens and earth sympathize with Jesus." He made all nature and all life, suffering, shame, and death, tributary to his purpose and to his own completeness. Alone in his youth, with not a soul on earth that understood him, surrounded at one time by multitudes shouting their admiration of him, confronted at another by mortal foes, yelling for his blood, he bore himself as though he heard them not, and went serenely on his lonely way, overcast as it was by the ever-deepening shadow of the cross, with a heart open to all poor and suffering ones, visiting the abodes of the lowest, the profligate, the outcast, talking to them with a brother's sympathy, uttering words of winning wisdom, never overstrained, never incoherent, never breathing a syllable for effect, but living and dying in the bloom of his youth, for God's sake and man's.

Never for a moment, dear friends, never harbor the thought that the faith in God which inspired him and fashioned him in the image of the best we can conceive of was the creation of an over-excited imagination. Far enough was it from that which now in these days, in the absence of all the conditions essential to its existence, bears the name of faith. The faith of Jesus was faith pure and simple,—no human fancy, but as truly the work of nature, of God, as the air we breathe or the light we see by. It was knowledge. It was intuition. Had we no other evidence of the being of a God of wisdom and love, if the heavens over our heads declared not his glory, nor the firmament showed forth his handiwork, as our vaunted science would fain convince us they do not, we should have a foundation never to be shaken for faith in God in the faith of Jesus of Nazareth.

O my friends, my brothers, my children, let us not suffer the priceless records of that greatest of lives to fall into neglect, as if they were idle tales, the mere fictions of an ignorant and superstitious age. Let it be that their origin is hidden in hopeless obscurity, that we know not or ever shall know when or by whom they were written. When once they are read, not in the interest of fanciful and far-fetched theories, theological, mythical, or sceptical, but by the pure light of the common experiences and acknowledged principles of human nature, they breathe and burn with the life of nature, of truth, of God, giving us, all undesignedly, heart-kindling glimpses of one who, of all that have ever lived, was the most entirely human, real, in consummate harmony with the Infinite Spirit of the Universe.—*William Henry Furness.*

THE STILL HOUR.

PRAYER FOR THE MORNING OF THE FOURTH OF JULY.

We see thy hand, O God, in the deed which this day commemorates. We praise

thee that so large a measure of thy spirit was given to those who laid the foundations of a great empire in this New World. For him especially do we bless thee whom thou didst appoint to guide this people through the early struggles, and uphold their faltering feet and sustain their fainting hearts. God be praised for his pure purposes, his steady wisdom, and his ardent love of peace! Great is the treasure we possess in his revered memory. Long may it live in the hearts of his nation. Let the spirit of his life inspire us to the latest generation.

Never hast thou dealt so bountifully with any nation as with this. Thou hast heaped the land with plenty, built up among us free institutions, caused fountains of knowledge to spring forth, and given us the liberty of worshipping thee according to the dictates of our consciences, with none to molest or make afraid.

Almighty Father, what could have been done more to this, thy vineyard, that thou hast not done? But what returns have we made? What fruit have we brought forth? Thou hast looked for justice, but behold! oppression; for righteousness, and behold! a cry. Cause us to know the sin that lieth at our door. Touch our hearts with repentance and pity, and let healing streams of sympathy flow forth to our remotest borders, carrying hope to those who sit in chains and darkness.

O God, in whose hands are the souls of all flesh, incline the hearts of men to do justice and love mercy. May we know what a blessed opportunity is afforded us in thy providence. Deliver us from the slavery of selfishness and the blindness of custom. May we reverence thy sacred image in the soul of man. Fill the hearts of all thy people with a sincere and consistent love of liberty. Write thy law upon all souls, the law which commands us to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us.

Let not wealth and honor and pleasure be the idols of this nation, but may we be that happy people whose God is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. And upon every return of this day may this people be found advancing in the arts and in the love of peace, and every voice shall be lifted up in thanksgiving, and all chains shall fall from the limbs and the souls of men, and by thy light kindled here all nations shall come and worship before thee Amen.—*William Henry Furness.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all matter for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.*]

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

Mrs. Reginald Foster, 48 The Fenway, Boston, offers the following books:—

"The Lion of St. Mark," Henty; "There is no Devil," Jókai; "Composition and Rhetoric," Hart; "How to strengthen the Memory," Holbrook; Dickens's Dictionary of London, 1881; "The College and the Church" (essays); Cook's "Otto's German Grammar"; "In Freedom's Cause," Henty; "Sir Patrick," Mrs. Walford; "A Keepsake"; "Docas, the Indian Boy," Snedden; "Arithmetic by Grades," Prince; "The Morse Speller," Dutton; "From Colony to Commonwealth," Moore; "Plant Life," Heath & Co.; "Geographical Readers," Blakiston, M.A.; "Seed Babies," Morley; "Considerations on Paintings," La Farce; "How to see Jesus," Kimball; "Popular Astronomy," Airy; "Midsummer Night's Dream"; "Guide to a Devout Life," Rev. Wilkinson; "Liber Amoris," Carpenter; "Classiques Français du XIX. Siècle"; Fay's "Outline of Geography"; "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," Hudson; "Goody Two-shoes," edited by Welsh; "Joseph Balsamo," Dumas; Black's "Guide to Ireland"; "Black Mask"; "Les Misérables," vols. i., ii., Victor Hugo; "Physical Geography"; "Memoirs of a Physician," Dumas; "Patience Sparhawk and her Times," Gertrude Atherton; "French Exercises for Advanced Pupils," Chardenal; "Henrietta's Wish," C. M. Yonge; "Poems," E. Seaver; "Last Days of Pekin," Pierre Loti; "Petit Cours de Versions," P. Sadler; "American Politics," Johnston; "Gentle Thoughts for Gentle Women," Craik; "Virginia of Virginia"; "A Short History of the English People," Green, M.A.; "A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life," Hudson; "Two

Years with Numbers"; "Handbook of English and German Conversation," Stuttgart; "The Book of Wealth," Hunt; "The Men of the Moss-hags," Crockett; "The Affirmative Intellect," Ferguson; "François le Champi," G. Sand; "In the Vestibule Limited," by Mathews; "A Winter's Tale," Shakspere; Tennyson's "Poems"; "Red Rover," Cooper; Wells's "Natural Philosophy"; "Talks with Athenian Youths"; "The Stars and the Earth," edited by T. Hill, D.D.; "Memoir of Walter Newhall"; "What is a Christian?" "A Talk on Books," Drummond; "Genius and Character of Burns," Prof. Wilson; "Fables and Folk Stories," edited by Scudder; Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales"; "The Marvels of the Heavens," Flammarion.

REQUESTS.

[*Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.*]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I thank all for the nice reading sent, and I would like to receive letters and reading matter also. I would like to receive suitable reading for a boy of nine. Would some kind friend send me a children's Life of Lincoln? Mrs. Mary Wood, Shuff, Virginia.

2. Miss A. L. Black, Fort McKavett, Texas, asks for the November number of *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1902.

3. Miss Gertrude F. Andrews, Steele City, Nebraska, a young girl of fifteen, desires reading for herself and younger brothers and sisters.

4. I come again, after a great while, asking the kind friends for reading to while away the lonesome hours and to keep my mind occupied. I am very fond of reading, and appreciate any reading matter that I get; and I pass it on to my friends, so that they may enjoy it also. I would be very glad for some kind friend to send my mother, who lives in a lonely place and has been almost an invalid since last spring, some books and Sunday-school papers. Her address is Mrs. C. T. Watts, Pleasant View, Virginia. I would be glad to get any of Miss Alcott's books or E. P. Roe's and Rosa Cary's, also the *Ladies' Home Journal* for 1903. Thanking you for sending me literature in the past, Mrs. W. W. Ware, 203 F Street, Lynchburg, Virginia.

5. *The Cheerful Letter* was unknown to me till a few days ago. I would like so much to take it, but am poor and cannot pay for it. I would also be glad to get books and reading for myself and five children. We live out in the country, a long distance from church, and cannot go to church often. I would like some religious reading. Mrs. Verda Fulcher, Shuff, Virginia.

6. I am a little girl ten years old. I have two sisters and one brother. I am the oldest. Mamma is sick nearly all the time, and I help papa with the work. I am very fond of reading, but we are not able to buy books. If it is not too much, I would be glad for some one to send me a child's Life of Christ and a Webster's High School Dictionary. Osie Belle Lee, Wadesboro, North Carolina.

7. I want to thank all that have remembered me through *The Cheerful Letter*. I have received some good books and magazines, for which I am very thankful. I have four boys, ages twelve, eight, and six years, and one six months old. My little girl is three years old. I am a poor woman; have to do all my work with the little help of my husband's mother, who is eighty years old. Anything sent me will add comfort to many lonely hours for myself and friends around me. Mrs. Samuel H. Ward, Max P.O., Stokes County, North Carolina.

8. Mrs. F. L. Brown, Palmyra, Maine, asks for any books suitable for a Sunday-school library.

9. Orin A. Conant, Atwood, Kansas, would be glad to receive "John Halifax," *Youth's Companion*, or any magazines.

10. I live away off here in the mountains, and do not get much to read. Please send me Longfellow's "Evangeline," or any good novels, *Youth's Companion*, and some story-books for a little girl of nine years. I would be glad of any you may have on hand. I will pass them on to others, as there are quite a number living near that would be glad to get them. May God bless you, good people, in your noble work. I will be thankful for any you may send. I have a large family, and 'most any would be acceptable,—school books and others. Mrs. F. Harris, Poplar, Nelson County, Virginia.

11. I am a missionary in Oklahoma, and would be so glad if you could send me, through the Cheerful Letter Exchange, copies of the *Youth's Companion*, to be used in my sewing schools among the older boys and girls.

I have one school in Rev. J. L. Scott's church and one in Rev. E. L. Greene's, both in Oklahoma City.

I have enjoyed reading the little paper *so much*, and shall be glad to do what I can to increase its circulation. May the Lord bless you and make you a blessing is the sincere desire of Miss Clara E. Maguire, 417 E. 6th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma Territory.

12. Bessie Pearl Reed, Athens, Maine, ten years of age, would be pleased to have "Beautiful Joe," "Birds' Christmas Carol," Webster's Dictionary, and any pieces to speak in school or Sunday-school.

13. Mrs. Susan Thompson, Norwood, North Carolina, asks for a "Spelling-book," "Third Reader," "First Arithmetic," and a "Primer."

14. Lena Norton has moved from Hanridge, Alabama, to La Rue, Texas, and would be glad of any reading.

15. Miss India V. Edwards, Floyd, Virginia, is anxious to obtain a volume of James Whitcomb Riley's "Poems."

16. Mrs. R. D. Nichols, Norwood, North Carolina, will be glad of any reading.

17. I do enjoy *The Cheerful Letter* so much. It certainly has the correct name. You are doing such a noble, unselfish work. Many, many thanks for the reading I have received. I am distributing what I get among my neighbors. Will some one kindly send me "Comin' thro' the Rye," or any of Helen B. Mather's works, and "When his Love grew Cold"? I am always glad to get anything that is sent me, for I live in such a lonely place. May God bless *The Cheerful Letter* and its great work. Mrs. Lillie Satterfield. Mount Airy, North Carolina.

18. I will now thank the kind friends for the nice reading sent me. I assure you it is highly appreciated and much enjoyed. Would be glad if you would send me "East Lynne" and "St. Elmo," and also pictures and clippings for scrap-book. Any would be much appreciated. (Miss) Carrie Shelton, Stella, Virginia.

19. Mrs. Eliza Johnson, Danton, Virginia, is very lonely, and would like to hear from her correspondents and receive reading.

20. Lillie D. Eads, Rankin, Kentucky, will be glad to receive "Homestead on the Hillside."

21. *Dear Cheerful Letter Friends*,—Since writing to you, I have changed my address from Vera to Centralia, Indian Territory. I wish to thank all who sent books to Vera. Some of them I have not yet received, but a friend has taken them from the office and will send them to me. Would be pleased to have a few nice recitations for a little girl of eight. Best wishes for *Cheerful Letter*. (Mrs.) Ada Hall, Centralia, Indian Territory.

22. Mrs. R. J. Belton, Taylorsburg, Virginia, a young woman, would like any reading for herself and religious reading for her husband.

Miss Carrie Thompson, Chillicothe, Illinois, whose request for a lending library appeared in the April number, has been obliged to abandon the work on account of illness.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

There is no time of the year when American parents so strikingly and sadly reveal their failures as parents as during the sum-

mer months, when they leave their homes with their children and go out among people for their summer outing. It is then that one realizes what a charitable cover the home affords for the incompetency of parents. It is sad enough to see a spoiled or mistrained child under any conditions. But at home the suffering is borne chiefly by those who are to blame, and the farthest reach the child has is to friends and neighbors who, for friendship's sake, have trained themselves to endure, albeit the strain is oft-times a severe one. It is when the child is taken out among strangers, however, that the scene changes; and what is truly the skeleton of our American closets stalks abroad in all its unpleasant aspects.

The average hotel is an ideal place for the study of parental incompetency. And save for a refreshing exception here and there, which lingers sweetly in the mind, one cannot wonder that the average foreigner marvels whether there is such a thing in American life as deference on the part of children to their parents. Here, for instance, is a young American girl, dressed far beyond her years, and generally beyond her station in life, who comes with an aggressive strut into the hotel dining-room. We, who know the species, excuse her on the ground of American self-reliance or independence. It never occurs to this girl to modestly and deferentially allow her parents their inherent right to precede her. With the air of a young peacock showing all its plumage, she struts in first, while her parents meekly trail after her. Arriving at the table, it never occurs to this precocious young person to wait until her parents can catch up to her and show them at least that mark of deference. Down she planks herself in the chair. Nervously and full of self-consciousness, flips open her napkin, and is comfortably seated and ready for her dinner before her parents have taken their chairs. She snatches the menu card and proceeds to order, absolutely regardless of the wishes or orders of her parents. The waiter must receive her order first, then he can learn the wishes of her elders and parents! When the dishes are brought, does she delay her eating until the waiter can place the dishes before her parents? Not she! She plunges into what is set before her without regard to whether her parents have begun, or even whether they have been served. Naturally, throughout the meal she is always at least a course or two ahead of her parents. When she is through, she gets up without as much as an "excuse me" to her elders. And this is what we call the independence of the American girl.

There is much to admire in the young American girl. But there is coming over our young girls an air of aggressiveness and assumed superiority that would be nothing less than terrifying if it were not so absurd. And it seems to have become a determination on the part of this young girl to very largely practise her assertiveness upon her elders, whether those elders be her parents or not. Her manner of breaking into a conversation, for example, and expressing her opinion is at times absolutely offensive. No subject, however complex, is too sacred for this young girl to join in and discuss. With an air of knowing-it-all, she flings herself into a conversation the subject of which is far beyond her comprehension, and ventures to express what *she* thinks, whereas, as a matter of fact, she has not the first conception of what it means to think, to say nothing of the act itself. It is all very well for us to go on and glibly talk about the independence of the American girl, and so long as it remains independence no harm is done. But independence has become license; in fact, it is not going too far to say that it has, in some instances, become impertinence. The self-assertive air which so many of our young girls are allowed to assume, particularly toward their elders, savors a bit of the offensive which is not making for the deeper respect of a type which has hitherto challenged universal admiration. It would be infinitely better if our young girls would become a little more known for their deference than for their independence.—*Edward Bok, in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

NARROW QUARTERS.

Have you not often noticed, in summer, light-colored blotches and markings on leaves? They are not ornamental, as they make the leaves look sickly. These blotches are usually made by insect larvæ, which eat

the pulp between the upper and lower skin of the leaf. We shall find it a good plan, instead of turning from such leaves with disgust, as I used to do, to examine them carefully; and, if the little worm is nearly full grown, we can, by gathering the leaves and keeping them on moist sand under a tumbler, rear the perfect insect and see what it is like.

Many leaf-miners are the caterpillars of very minute moths, and I will copy for you parts of an article* describing the habits of some of these little creatures :—

Young *Coleophora* larvæ feed either as miners in the interior of leaves or in the interior of seeds. When a leaf-mining larva has attained a certain age, it cuts out the two sides of the mined place, and constructs of them a portable case, which it never abandons except to make a new one when its increase in growth demands the change. In feeding, the larva attaches its case to a leaf, and bores into it between its skins, eating out a transparent patch. They hibernate in their cases during the winter, and produce moths the following summer. In rearing, care should be taken not to keep the larvæ in too damp air. The food-plant may be kept fresh in moistened sand or water, and covered with a glass cylinder which has muslin or gauze tied over one end.

One species mines the leaves of the hickory in September and October. It makes a small, dark-brownish case, like a flattened cylinder, fixed to the under surface of the leaf. Another species mines the leaves of the hazel in the same months. Another, those of the wild cherry early in October. One species feeds on the leaves of the linden during the month of May. This has a black, somewhat pistol-shaped case, which is fixed to the under side of the leaf. The larva at this date does not mine the leaf, but eats holes in it. Another species, which makes a dark, somewhat pistol-shaped case, feeds on the under surface of oak leaves in October.

Some of the seed-feeding species make a case of the husk of a seed which they have eaten, and are very difficult to distinguish from the untenanted seeds of the plant.

The larvæ of *Nepticula* mine very narrow serpentine paths in the interior of leaves, the mine being always on the upper surface. The full grown larva quits the mine in order to weave a minute cocoon. The larvæ of some of the flies make mines that much resemble those of *Nepticula*, but these dipterous larvæ are more maggot-like in appearance than the Nepticula caterpillars. (I have often found serpentine tracks in the leaves of columbine, and have reared small flies from them.) One species makes in the leaves of the hazel, in the latter part of July, a long, winding narrow track with a minute central black line. Other species may be found in the black walnut and hickory early in August, in the leaves of the blackberry about the middle of July, in those of the oaks in June and October, and in the leaves of the dwarf wild rose early in October.

These descriptions give you a few hints as to when and where to look for leaf-miners, but there are many other kinds to be found at various seasons and on different plants.—*Cora H. Clarke.*

* From the Proc. Ent. Soc., Philadelphia, 1861.

INTELLIGENT COCKROACHES.

There being many of these little creatures in a house, the cook laid a trap to catch them. The trap was made of a box, with two pieces of glass sloping inward from the two ends, and stopping an inch from the bottom of the box. In this trap she caught many cockroaches; for, after getting in, they could not reach up to the glass to get out.

But one evening, having noticed that the trap was nearly full before she went to bed, she was surprised in the morning to find that all the bait was eaten and every single insect had escaped. This happened several nights, and at last she resolved to watch. She saw one of the larger cockroaches stand upon his tail, and so reach up with his front feet to the edge of the glass, and then all the other cockroaches ran up his back on to the glass, and so out of the box, he dragging himself up last and escaping with the rest.—*Life and her Children.*

KITTERY.

Perhaps you may remember that, in trying to interest you in collecting the different kinds of goldenrod, I spoke of Kittery at the seaside; and I propose now to tell you something of this very old New England town. When you study the early his-

tory of this country, you will read that the Indians committed their fearful deeds of violence and destruction in the towns of Salmon Falls, Oyster River, and Kittery, so that nearly two hundred years ago it was settled and had been almost destroyed, for I think that the Indian massacres occurred in 1691.

The town is at the mouth of the Piscataqua River, which forms the southernmost part of the boundary between Maine and New Hampshire. At a little distance from the mouth of the river, on the New Hampshire side, is the little city of Portsmouth; while on the Maine side, a little nearer the mouth, and straggling down the coast below the river's mouth, is the present town of Kittery. It is divided into two villages, and one of the United States navy yards is just opposite Portsmouth, in that along the river bank which goes by the queer name of Kittery *Foreside*. The village on the ocean—Kittery Point—is the really old, attractive part of the town. It is not a pretty or a thriving place, but its old houses are well worth seeing.

The hero of Kittery was Sir William Pepperrell, whose tomb is still in very good repair not many yards from the hotel which bears his name, and on the grounds belonging to it.

Sir William Pepperrell, you will see, if you will look at your history of the United States, took from the French the fortified town of Louisburg, on the island of Cape Breton, in the year 1746. By this gallant action he acquired not only fame, but fortune; and some of that fortune he expended in the town of Kittery, where he resided after his sea-faring days were over. The house which he built for himself and that which he built for his daughter are still standing. I saw the former many years ago, but the circumstances of the family who live in it make it impossible for them to allow visitors now. I remember only large, low rooms, with dark wooden panels, an entry with broad low staircase and landings and carved banisters, and a queer, old-fashioned paper upon its walls.

But I had a courteous invitation, three years since, to visit the latter house; and I wish I could make you see the quaint old place as clearly as I remember it. It is built on a wide, grassy lawn, sloping gently back to the waters of the creek which divides the two villages of Kittery. The grounds had formerly two entrances and a driveway from each up to the front door; but one of these has fallen into disuse. You must stop a moment on the broad, flat doorstone, and look up at the door before we go into the house. The door is as large as the two halves of a modern front door, and in the middle is a large brass knocker, while let into the upper part of it are two panes of thick greenish glass. When we go in, after stepping up the one low step, if we turn to the right, we see a somewhat low, handsomely proportioned parlor, the whole depth of the house, with panelled walls painted in a light color, and the mantelpiece of the same painted wood, high above a wide fireplace. At each side of the chimney-piece, in the recess which the chimney forms, is a little, narrow, cupboard-like door. When these doors are opened, a closet with shelves is seen, and the top of it is carved in the shape of a scallop-shell, and delicately tinted with pink. On the left of the front door is a smaller room, with a tiled fireplace and a panelled wainscoting (or dado, as it is now called), painted also of a light color. This room is papered with a paper of a dark reddish ground, with pale green figures over it, and has never had any other papering than this, which Sir William himself ordered for it.

As you enter the house and look before you, you see in the end of the entry a low arch, and beyond it a small room furnished with two or three comfortable old-fashioned chairs, and a shelf above, with a row of leathern fire-buckets, such as were used three-quarters of a century ago. From this little hall-room a door to the left leads into the dining-room, in which we saw nothing remarkably old. The staircase is like that of Sir William's own house, with broad, low steps, wide landings, and carved banisters; and, as you go up, before you turn at the first landing-place, you face a large window, which gives light to the back part of the house. On the stairs hangs a large picture of a battle, but a battle of a later date than Sir William's time. The paper of the entry, which is also wainscoted, is of a light grayish color in several shades, and is an allegorical representation. Two doves sitting on a railing represent *peace*, which

is still farther signified by several cannon piled one upon another, while flags wave from the summit of the pile, and the sun, supposed to represent Great Britain's prosperity,—remember, we were colonies then,—is rising behind. This paper also was put on when the house was built.

In the chambers the only things worthy of note are the tiled fireplaces, one set of tiles representing birds in remarkable colors, and a very stiff arm-chair, covered with a piece of ancient brocaded silk. There is a cupola at the top of the house, into which we ascended, and from which we obtained a lovely view of Mount Agamenticus in the distance, near the old settlement of Fernando Gorges; of the town of Portsmouth; of the broad river, with the old fort on the island at its mouth; and then of the wide expanse of ocean.

I hope this short sketch has made Kittery seem to you something more than a name, and when you read of it in history again it will have a familiar sound.

—*From Little Unity.*

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

I.

Rhymed Acrostic..

My first is in meek, but not in mild.
My second's in mad, but not in wild.
My third is in stacked, but not in piled.
My fourth is in flat, but not in low.
My fifth is in tie, but not in bow.
My sixth is in rake, but not in hoe.
My whole is a day loved by man and child.
'Most anywhere you may chance to go.

II.

Numerical Enigma.

I am composed of nine letters, and spell the name of a prominent general in the war of the American Revolution.

My 8, 6, 2, is a beverage.
My 1, 4, 7, 9, is not early.
My 3, 2, 5, is a fairy.

III.

Hidden Birds.

1. He was a tall youth, awkward and shy, but with a very pleasing face.

2. You will find some milk for the cats in a white bowl in the pantry.

3. I wish you would call Rob in the house. I want to speak to him.

4. Bereft of her calf, the poor cow rent the air with her dismal cries.

5. Edith rushed in for a moment to say there would be a dance at the club-house.

6. It was his belief in chance that weakened his will and made a wreck of his life.

IV.

Word Puzzle.

By inserting a consonant (the same letter in all the following examples) after the first letter change

1. A source of light into confound with a blow.
2. A wise man into a kind of conveyance.
3. A kind of earth into a small table.
4. A kind of fur into a house for cattle.
5. An animal into take another's goods.

Answers to Puzzles in June Number.

Riddle.—Shoe.

Proverb in Cipher.

Take every third word beginning with the third.

"Where there's a will there's a way."

Queer Seeds, etc.

1. Larkspur.
2. Stonecrop.
3. Maidenhair.
4. Four o'clock.
5. Tiger lily.
6. Pennyroyal.

It would assist me very much if those who give books would send word regularly to our Book Club secretary what books they have given and to whom.

Sometimes an appeal is made in our Book Club, which receives a large response, fifteen or twenty people sending books to the writer. Yet she stands on our record as having received nothing, and others who propose to send to her are encouraged to do so.

The next person on our list may really have received nothing as yet. The only way to equalize the distribution of books is to keep an approximate record of all that are sent. May we hope to secure this end for the co-operation of the Branches?

ELEPHANT NURSES.

There is nothing uncommon or incredible in the stories which have been reported about the children of a mahout being cared for by the mahout's elephant. It is always expedient to employ a married mahout, if you can, with a hard-working wife and two or three children. The whole family become, as it were, parasites to the elephant by whom they earn their living. It is only a question of degree as to what extent an elephant may be trusted with a baby; but I have seen a baby placed by its mother systematically under the elephant's care, and within reach of its trunk, whilst the mother went to fetch water, or get wood or materials to cook the family dinner. No jackal or wolf would be likely to pick up and carry off a baby who was thus confided to the care of an elephant; but most people who have lived a life in the jungles know how very possible it is for a jackal or a wolf to carry off a baby, even when lying in a hut, when the mother's back is turned. The children thus brought up in the companionship of an elephant become ridiculously familiar with it, and take all kinds of liberties with it, which the elephant seems to endure, on the principle that it does not hurt her, while it amuses the child. You see a little naked imp, about two feet high, standing on an elephant's bare back, and taking it down to the water to bathe, vociferating all the time in the most unbecoming terms of native abusive language. On arriving at the water, the elephant, ostensibly in obedience to the imp's command, lies down and enjoys itself, just leaving a part of its body, like a small island, above water, on which the imp stands and shouts, and shouts all the more if so be that he has several companions of his own age, also in charge of their elephants, all wallowing in the water around him. If the imp slips off his island, the elephant's trunk promptly replaces him in safety. The little urchins, as they grow up, become first *mates* to mahouts, and eventually arrive at the dignity of being mahouts.

The wife of a mahout is almost always a great favorite with her elephant; and I remember a case in which the wife of a mahout who was killed by his elephant (I believe more by accident than from actual malice) succeeded in quieting his beast, which seemed to understand the poor woman's anguish at the death of her husband, and endeavored, in its elephantine way, to make amends for its offence. It is nothing new to say that elephants are the most sagacious of all animals, and those who have had most to do with them cannot help liking and admiring them.—*C. T. Buckland, in Land and Water.*

CURIOUS LAMPS.

Nearly all the jelly fishes are luminous, and on dark nights the sight as one gazes into the water is a marvellous one. Instead of darkness and gloom the water appears to be filled with lights which move in every direction with long tails like comets, others like mimic suns and moons. These remarkable creatures are so delicate that many can be seen, but not felt; and nearly all are 95 per cent. water, so that, when exposed to the sun, they soon disappear, evaporating like water itself. They range in size from specimens just visible to monsters almost capable of stopping a boat, and with a maze of tentacles sufficient to drown a man or seriously poison him by the discharge of their batteries of lasso cells.

One of the largest jelly fishes ever seen in American waters was observed by Mrs. Louis Agassiz, who found it floating on the surface in Massachusetts Bay. An oar was used to measure it, and across the disc it was seven feet, while the mass of tentacles as they stretched away was over one hundred feet in length. Imagine this monster, this mass of solidified water, luminous, a gigantic comet moving through the depths of the ocean, each individual tentacle standing out in high relief against the dark water, and some conception may be had of the sights to be seen beneath the sea.—*The Outlook.*

He is the truly courageous man who never desponds.—*Confucius.*

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable. Do not offer odd numbers of periodicals, but send them directly to one of the many stations where they are acceptable.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged — not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort — by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,— good citizens of the country,— for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

TRAVELLING LIBRARIES.

The Travelling Libraries have now become an important part of Cheerful Letter work. In order that this department may be thoroughly organized and systematized, Miss Louise Brown, Box 91, South Framingham, Mass., has kindly consented to take it in charge. Will those interested in these libraries, and desiring information, kindly address Miss Brown as above ?

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

Those who send reading matter to the soldiers in the Philippine Islands, are reminded that *current* periodicals, and good, bright standard novels are the kind of reading desired. Do not send *old* magazines, nor periodicals adapted especially for women. Numbers of periodicals issued within a year may be sent.

Subscribers are asked to notice the change in our list of officers. Our treasurer, Miss Howe, after eleven years of most generous and faithful service, has resigned. In future, all subscriptions, and notices of renewal, discontinuance, and change of address may be sent to Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Checks should be made payable to Mary Louise Catlin.

N.B.—For your own convenience, dear friends, do not send these notices to the Editor. This may cause delay.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

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